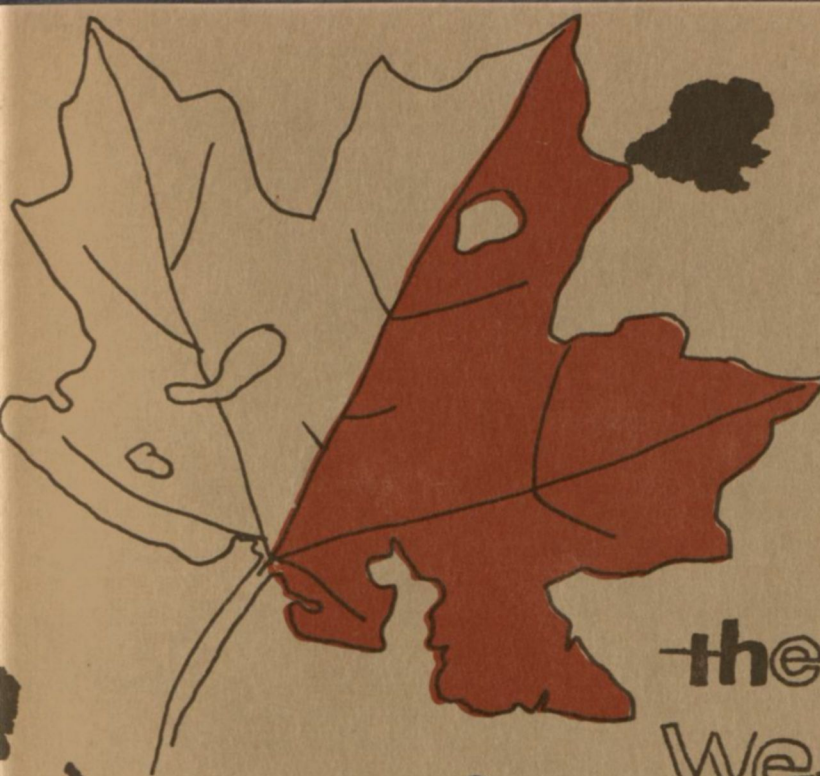


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# The Wesleyan



Volume XXV

Issue 1

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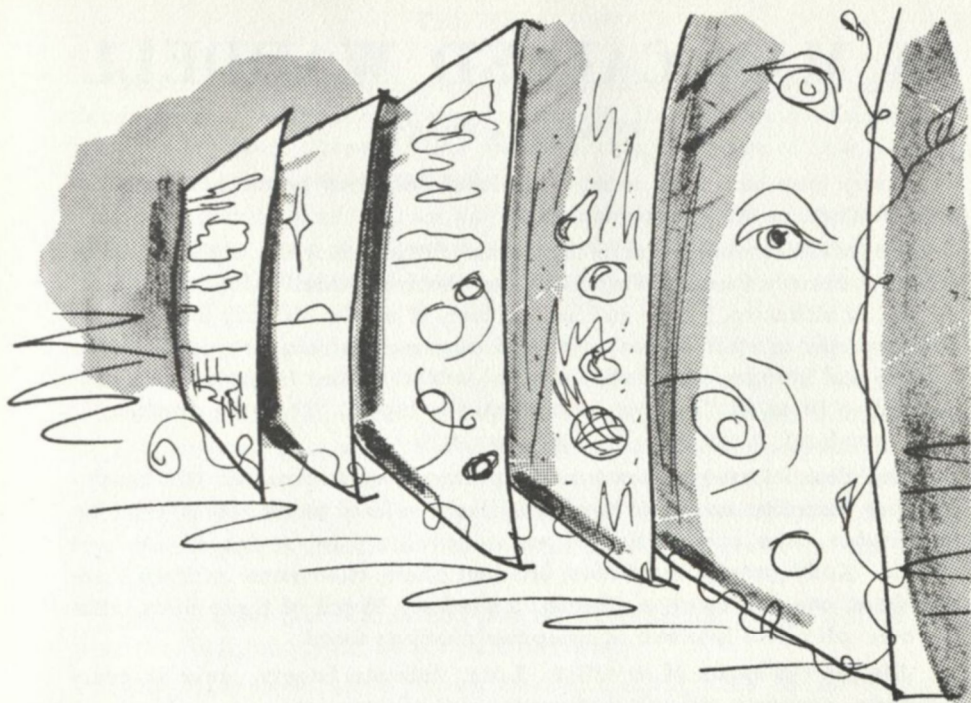
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## *The Peaceful Place*

*the fauns and ferns, spotted and glow  
curling clouds contain the lake  
feather fronds with witches touch*

*the dreams go on in soft green pools  
the golden horn, the golden mane  
the hooves of star and morning sun  
the fleet, too fast, the shining swift*

*the dreams go on in silver threads  
the moons chase clouds, and circle round  
a whirling, silent, drunken play  
that reels at dawn to fear the flame*

*the dreams go on in silver bowls  
the glowing fruit, the gleaming eyes  
the glimmer seeds, the gentle growth  
the up and out and ever on*

*the dreams go on in peace and peace*

*Polly Rodieck*

# A MAN CALLED WADDELL

By MARTHA EVANS

Every town has local color. This local color may be the scenery, legends, history, or the town character.

My local color selection for the thriving little metropolis of Perry, Georgia, is a character named Waddell. Now whether Waddell is his first, last, middle, or nickname, I have no idea. In fact, it may be his only name. Waddell is a man of split personalities and numerous talents. He is a man of mystery and intrigue, of warmth and slow-witted humor. He possesses such distinctive titles as "the very best painter in town", "the town drunkard", "the town bum", "the beer-drinking guzzler".

But, first, let me give you a mental picture of this character. His hands—ah, they fascinate me! Not the usual flesh-colored hands, but a most indescribable color combination of non removable paint stains of the past decade. Kelly greens, blood reds, brilliant blues, chartreuse-yellows—here and there, one can catch a glimpse, a shadowy blotch of these hues. But the over-all effect is a blur of color combinations faded.

His are the hands of an artist. Long, delicate fingers; grace in every movement, accuracy and talent in every twist of the wrist.

It is intriguing to watch Waddell paint. I have sat for hours on end, afraid to move, afraid to speak, afraid to break the spell that this artist has woven. I watch in awe, as he painstakingly applies each sweep of his brush to the kitchen door he is painting. Up and down, long graceful sweeps, horizontal glides, following the grain of the wood, nudging the bristles in that impenetrable corner, steadily, steadily lining around the borders. Always he takes such pains with his work, always each job is his masterpiece. Always he leaves his funny little "Waddell" signature somewhere on his work. To Waddell his hands are as valuable as if he were a pianist, a sculptor, or a surgeon.

But now, enough of his amazing hands. We must glimpse a full form of Waddell. Nothing about Waddell except his hands hints that he is an artist. Instead, at a first glance, we say, "Well, here's the town bum. Now, isn't he a disgrace to Perry!!" His unshaven face, uncropped head (the Elvis length hair), dirty "po' white trash" skin repel us. His traditional costume is the painter's monkey suit, once blue denim coveralls now faded gray with paint specks everywhere, a dingy yellow T-shirt with a hole directly below the right ear lobe, heavy paint-sprayed brogans, and a Sears Roebuck painter's cap. He is very proud of the cap and will tell you, "It costs all of \$3.98 plus tax. But it's worth it, Ma'am, for it keeps that paint from getting in my hair. You know, turpentine's rough on your hair; makes it fall out, easy like. Used to use that stuff every Saturday night, so I don't have much hair now." As most men have a fragrance of their own, so does Waddell. He literally reeks with turpentine and kerosene.



Waddell's eyes fascinate me. Nothing escapes them; they take in everything. Shrewd, calculating, fiery, dancing with laughter — they always give his thoughts away. Deep set into his rough skin, the pools of blue look out of place in that uncomely weatherbeaten face.

Waddell seldom smiles, for he is serious minded, slow to think, slower still to answer. But when something does strike his fancy, he throws back his head and bellows until he shows off a gold tooth of which he is very proud.

Now, let us see another face of Waddell — that of Waddell "Black", the town drunkard. It is a well known fact that the best way to hire Waddell (and many of us, against our consciences, resort to this trick, for he is very much in demand) is to say, "Waddell, if you do this job for me, I'll keep the refrigerator stacked with beer." And so, those at the top of the waiting list quickly become those who keep a refrigerator shelf specially for Waddell.

Is Waddell ashamed of the fact that he drinks? Heavens, no! He loves the "stuff".

Perhaps the best way to end this character sketch is with a little fabliau. Waddell, of course, is the main character.

One night about twelve o'clock, Waddell calls up Nick, the owner of the local beer parlor. Nick, grumbling, stumbles out of bed and answers the phone.

"Hello", Nick answers in a sleep-husky voice.

"Nick, this is Waddell. What time you going to open in the morning?"

"-----! Waddell! Don't you know what time it is!?! I'll open at 9 A. M." With that, Nick slams the phone down, crawls back into bed, and has just drowsed off again when ----- once again, the phone rings.

"Hello!" Nick bellows in an angry voice.

"Nick, this is Waddell again. What time you openin' in the morning?"

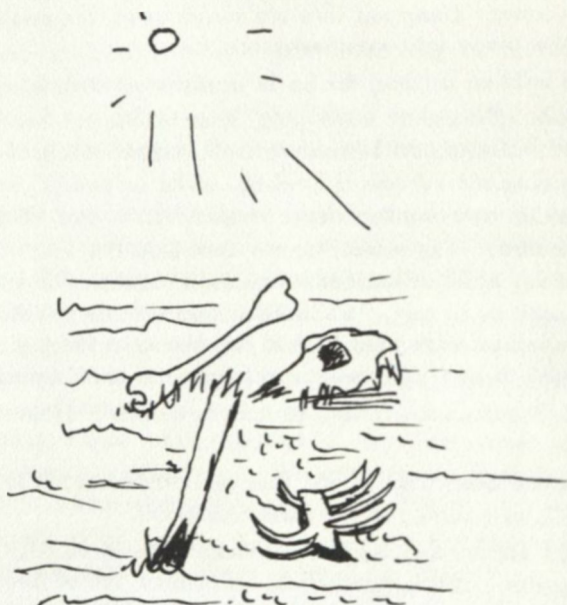
"Waddell, -----! You just called an hour ago. 9 A. M. Now, don't call me again."

One hour, forty-five minutes later, Waddell calls Nick again.

"Waddell, if you don't stop calling me, I swear, I'll never sell you any more beer again. Now, why are you calling me? I told you I'll open at 9 A. M. Can't you wait till then?"

"Well, Nick, I was just wondering if you had changed your mind and was going to open any sooner. You see, I fell asleep under the counter this afternoon and got locked in your place ----."

(Nick, of course, was down in ten minutes flat.)



## The Dreamer Death

*Thin bleached bones, bones in the whitened sun,  
Lying chalk cool in the grey moss of forgetfulness.  
Where is the fire to char, to rattle bones?  
The enemy to animate, the hate, the flame, the touch,  
The love? Forgotten, lost, the thin bones,  
Dreaming, beneath the white sun, of warm cocoons  
To stir and fight and seek the star. The warmth,  
Forgotten, lost; the bones, lost, forgotten.*

Polly Rodieck



## Questions

*Will you kiss me in the cool, early morning?  
When a cup from the sea tastes not of salt?  
Will you kiss me when the words are not yet forming?  
When the storm not yet has loosed its blade of frost?*

*Will you kiss me in the heat of summer noontime?  
When the white day-moon is killed by burning hands?  
When the music keeps repeating and repeating?  
When the tide is high and will not fall and stop?*

*Will you kiss me when the evening tastes like dry wine?  
When the penance is departed from the lost?  
When the soft grey cloth surrounds the once-bright marble?  
When the voices calling drift like leaves in fall?*

*But my darling, oh my darling, will you kiss me  
When the night is come, and I shall doubt the dawn?  
When I know with final knowing of that darkness?  
Oh, stay with me, and say we will not die!*

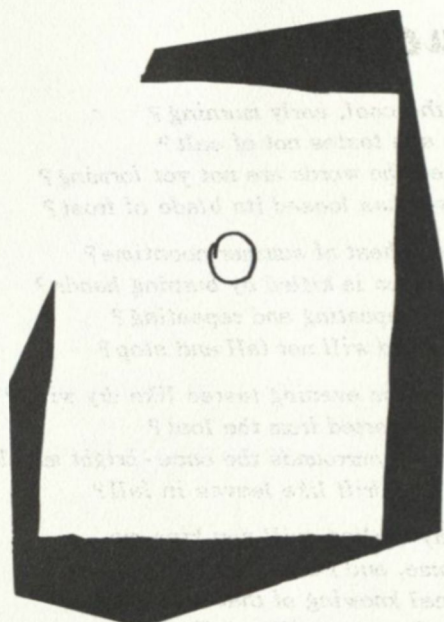
*But if you can't . . . then kiss me now, my love.*

Polly Rodieck

## My Words

*My little words can never paint the whole of life,  
Or yet portray the many scenes that eyes shall see;  
They fall so short of things I wish to say,  
And never voice the thoughts I wish to sing;  
They only catch a shade, a mist, a glance  
That on this tapestry called life is but a hue.  
I cannot tell the whole of it, of God, of life, of man,  
Nor scale the heights of wisdom's thought with my small pen.  
My paper white will never hold the world I know,  
Or even bear the burden of a treasured hour,  
And mine can only be the quiet little words,  
The single image of the single day.  
So thus I sing, in silence,  
Of the tiny thing.*

Ann Bell



## *the white sun, the white sky*

*the white sun, the white sky*

*low notes atonal*

*sacrificing the safe keys*

*for what is safe beneath the white sun*

*the white sun, the white sky*

*the creeping moods try*

*to gather darkness*

*but darkness burns beneath the white sun*

*the white sun, the white sky*

*the armor rusts*

*and cracks and falls*

*no sheltering shell beneath the white sun*

*the white sun, the white sky*

*nothing stays but*

*tortuous hope*

*i curse and fade and die and live*

*beneath the white sun, the white sky*

*Polly Rodieck*



# NEVER COUNT THE COST

By ANNE KAY

"That evening is etched with acid in my memory. It was as if — as if all my life before I had lived in a flat plane of two dimensions; then, suddenly, I discovered the third one. Outlines acquired sharpness - clarity - perspective; briefly, but vividly, hazy details focused into a clear picture — then receded once again into dimness and half-lights of understanding."

The thin girl sat on a bench in the park. Confusion clouded her wide gray eyes; her sensitive hands were clasped tensely in her lap. Birds were calling sleepy farewells to the day, through the gentle mask of twilight. It was a time for reflection, for pensive brooding. She began to speak again.

"I felt everything at once — the awakening of birth; the pain, wonder, and ecstasy of growth; and the drowning of awareness in death. Before that evening, I had lain dormant, asleep, a butterfly wrapped in a cocoon which had been lovely and warm and safe . . . Georgia . . . a loving, protective family . . . a sheltered upbringing . . . a carefully nurtured southern outlook . . . these were my heritage. I had existed quietly in that placid backwater, never actually thinking or feeling, never facing reality, always running away from revelation.

"Suddenly I seemed to notice everything that went on around me, to feel everything that others felt, to understand more than others understood. I was alive and awake for the first time in my life; and I tingled with responsiveness to every stimulus, down to my finger-tips."

Warmth flooded her pale face; her quiet eyes brightened in memory. Her hands came to life in graceful gestures.

"I was spending the summer in Chicago as an Interne in Community Service for the American Friends Service Committee. The people I met and the work I was doing interested me; it seemed vital and worth-while; it brought me out of myself, just as it brought me out of the South, for the first time. The absolute freedom of a large city thrilled and terrified me; I became so preoccupied with gaining complete independence that I sold myself unwittingly into a new kind of bondage."

She sat, silent, for a moment, before continuing.

"When I met Jack, on the first day of the project, I vaguely disliked him. He seemed pompos, too full of charm and polish and wit, too — too sure of himself, or something. However, after I watched him work with the neighborhood people, I realized that beneath his perhaps protective coating of flamboyancy lay a warm and extremely sensitive awareness of others and their problems, and a sympathy which he sternly repressed in the interests of objective understanding."

Her words called up an image — a tall, black-haired boy, with an aggressive chin, and hazel eyes; a boy who had been hurt, a boy who would be cautious about girls.

"For as long as I live, whenever I hear Brahms' Piano Concerto # 1, I'll see again Grant Park in Chicago, Jorge Bolet, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and a thousand other memories which come crowding one upon another. Our whole group had gone down to the concert; we stepped off the bus into a surging, holiday crowd of seventy thousand, making its slow way, with whirls and eddies and back-currents, toward the bleachers in front of the bandshell.

"A crowd like that was made to get lost in. Jack and I were walking together, busily discussing one of our neighborhood families. Unintentionally, on his part, I am sure, we dropped behind the rest. Soon we alone in a bobbing sea of faces which knew us no more than we knew them — simply as part of the scenery.

"We took our seats just as the last stains of sunset were fading from the sky. Before our eyes Lake Michigan changed from blue to gray, gleaming faintly at our left. As darkness fell, lights twinkled from the skyscrapers of the city on our right, and neon signs flashed fitfully, vivid and colorful, against the summer sky. In front of us the trees of the park were silhouetted blackly against the buildings, and we watched the play of the lights over far-away Buckingham Fountain, which I think is my favorite thing in all of Chicago.

"The music began, and there seemed to be no other sound in the world. The twinkling city, the shimmering lake, and the silent stars were like painted scenery in a play with only two people and Brahms. I felt layers of dullness evaporate into the chill night air, and a new life within me rose to awakening. I seemed to have lost connection with everything I had formerly thought of as reality, and to have discovered a new realm of truth. I was in love with him; it was simple and uncomplicated. Driven by forces which I could neither control nor understand, I only knew that I had to give way before them.

"The first movement ended. It was like coming quickly over the crest of an enormous wave, your feet touching bottom briefly before you float away again. The carved stone crowd came to life for a moment, with stirs and whispers and rustles of programs. Jack glanced down at me and smiled tenderly, under the spell of the music. Every light in Chicago seemed to brighten; the stars glowed hotter; I was alone in a dream world with only one reality. I was delirious, intoxicated, a gambler risking life and soul for one thing, heedless of tomorrow.

"When the music began again I leaned over and touched the rough tweed of his jacket sleeve. 'Jack,' I said, 'please hold my hand.'

"He gave me the penetrating glance a doctor gives a patient with a rare disease. 'What's the matter?' he asked in a peculiar, almost cold voice. 'Are you afraid?'

"If I hadn't been before, I was then, but I dared not show it. 'No,' I said with the offhand casualness of an alcoholic trying to prove that he wasn't drunk; 'it's just that when I hear music like this, I — I can't stand it alone.'



"He laughed shortly — and rather ruefully, I thought; but he took my hand. I leaned against his shoulder and clung to him. The music went on and on, sometimes pensive and reflective, then heady and joyous. Finally with a crash of drums and cymbals and chords, the concert ended."

The glow left her face; she seemed limp and exhausted — no longer tense, just empty.

"The stars became cold and distant again; the lights of the city regained their proper perspective; the breeze from the lake was suddenly chilly. I shivered, and saw the crowd for the first time as it really was, an ordinary, common group of tired, disillusioned people out for a free evening, hoping to lose themselves in some brief enchantment.

"Now that the spell was over, I felt the need to protect myself. I wanted to lie to Jack, to tell him that it hadn't meant anything. But he didn't give me a chance. Helping me into my coat, he hurried me off to join the others, who had materialized from the crowd.

"I had ruined everything. He would never be alone with me again, never talk to me again, never sit by me again, never trust me again. It was finished. I was tired, limp, dead, and exhausted; and I didn't care any longer where I went, what I did, or what happened to me.

"A poem that we had studied in school, "Barter," by Sara Teasdale, came into my mind —

" 'Spend all you have for loveliness,  
Buy it and never count the cost;  
For one white, singing hour of peace  
Count many a year of toil well lost,  
And for a breath of ecstasy  
Give all you have been, or could be.' "

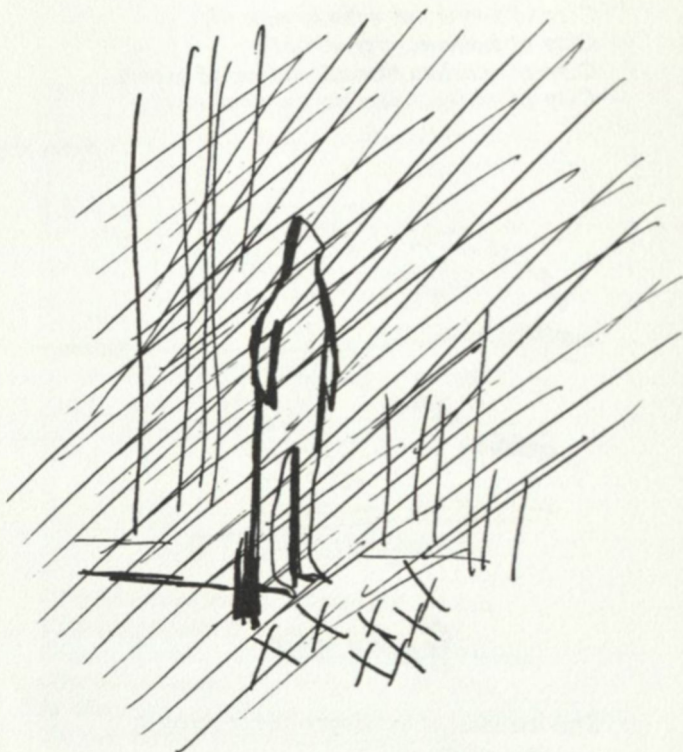
Her gray eyes tender, she spoke again with conviction.

" 'But I'm sure of one thing, at least. My breath of ecstasy was worth it.' "

## Earthquilt

*Patch of plowed earth  
Squares of yellow corn  
Rippling stripe of blue  
Grey strips of hardness  
Frisly patterns of green.*

*All embroidered with  
White  
fence  
stitching.*



## A Grave

*Standing alone in the rain  
 Watching mists rise from new - plowed ground,  
 Curtains swaying in an unfelt wind.  
 Rain clouds resting languorously  
 On the steep blue hills.  
 Before me the tangle of weed and briar  
 Where once was a garden.  
 Charred timbers, rotting in the rain  
 Beneath the new - sprouted pines.  
 And two lone chimneys  
 Leaning against the sky.*

*Where has it gone?  
 The white house that settled  
 Between the walnut trees;  
 The covered well where sweet shrubs grew  
 And cats waited, nightly, their fare;  
 The horse apple - tree that shook, each year,*



*It's sweet and golden rain;  
The log bench beneath the whispering pine  
Where childish house was kept?*

*Where is the gray, sheltered barn  
Sweet with the haying smell?  
The musty coolness of the spring house,  
The den of childhood fears;  
The paths leading to the roadway gate;  
The cribs with hoarded gold?  
Where have they gone?*

*Standing alone in the mountain rain  
Charred timbers at my feet,  
And in my mind a thousand visions  
Of what they used to be.  
The garden beds now choked by briar  
And weed and baby pines.  
Just the steps, the stones,  
Charred, rotting bones  
Of a world that used to be.*

*Ann Bell*

## *Progress*

*Wheels spin spitefully  
Over warm, wet pavement,  
Over, and over, and over again.*

*Destroying pools upon the pavement,  
Pushing, pushing, pushing down.*

*Rhythmically moving across the concrete,  
Onward, upward, covering ground.*

*Sizzling rubber meeting cement,  
Steaming, splashing, hissing sound.*

*Continuous, thoughtless, loveless movement —*

*PROGRESS*

*Sheila Leto*

# A MODERN PILGRIMAGE

By HELEN POOLE

Pilgrims and pillows were scattered comfortably in the old Purple Turtle when it chugged away from Wesleyan College that bright October afternoon, bound for Epworth-by-the-Sea, and a gala weekend of meditation on religious poetry (that didn't come out exactly right, but anyway . . .) It was a warm day, and all the windows were opened wide; every crowd has its fresh-air fiends. After a few pieces of luggage has blown out, and everyone's hair had that windblown look of charming disarray or, in my case, that casually matted look, the windows were chivalrously closed by some of the men pilgrims.

While the Turtle rambled, some of us slept (notably Peggy Wellborn), some studied (English), and some gazed pensively out at the flat South Georgia landscape. In other words, the trip down was uneventful, so we might just stop right here and identify the pilgrims. There was, first of all, Dr. William Hinson, who played the part of busdriver so well that when we stopped at one small town an elderly lady asked him if he had " 'ary a bus to Waycross".

Then there was Mr. John Byers (who let his hair grow for the occasion) wearing I. L. tennis shoes and carrying his bulging saddle bags, full, I suppose, of things like apple cores, and knife blades and bits of string.

"The Honeymooners," Ralph and Alice Gignilliat, were also with us. (I think they were supposed to be the chaperones, but they seemed to be the only ones who might require chaperonage.) Dr. Gin was the epitome of gallantry as he picked a sandspur off Mrs. Gin's foot, helped her onto the bus, or matched her for a coke and let her call the toss. This savoir faire of Dr. Gin's is very effective to everyone but red-haired waitresses, as you will see later on.

Sitting up front with the Honeymooners and engaging them in a rather spirited discourse were Dr. Gossett and Mr. Bennett, both looking very Byronic and carefree in sport shirts.

That makes a total of five men and Bill Powell. And what would we have done without Bill? Who else can giggle so early in the morning, who else would have thought of singing Christmas carols in October, who else knows the words to "Yakkity-Yak"?

Besides these notable personalities the group consisted of about eighteen assorted English majors, all of whom (except two) were articulate contributors to some highly intellectual discussions on ethical and religious points. The two inarticulate ones shall remain nameless. (If you really want to know, ask Carmen Jackson or me.)

We arrived at Epworth-by-the-Sea just at dusk Friday when the rugged loveliness of its moss-covered oaks and vast stretches of picturesque marshland were most effective.



Obviously stirred by the poetic beauty of the scene, Mr. Byers commented, "Gosh, it looks gloomy".

When we had unloaded our gear we went up to the dining room for supper. Our hostess was a cheerful sort who laughed continually and hovered about to see that everyone had a victory plate.

That night we had our first discussion on the subject of Thomas Hardy which ended in sort of a draw. I think we did conclude that Hardy really just wasn't trying.

We had several more discussions, all of which were extremely interesting, but the high point of the trip was probably Saturday night. After our reading of W. H. Auden's "For the Time Being", in the course of which Mr. Byers, reading his part very seriously and sincerely, was brayed at by an animal of dubious reputation, we decided to go down to the beach and commune in the moonlight. So we piled into the Turtle, and away we went, to the tune of "Shine On Harvest Moon".

We went first to the St. Simons pier which is situated at the end of the main thoroughfare. From out on the pier we caught the faint whining notes of a saxophone coming from one of the many little joints clustered around the waterfront area. When we had finished our walk on the pier and were clambering back on the bus, we noticed the solitary figure of Bill Powell leaning against the rail of the pier, gazing soulfully into the darkened portal of one of the dives, from whence came the mellow, hypnotic notes of the sax. Over his head a lurid, red neon sign flickered, proclaiming "The Jug". With his crew hat pulled down over his ears, and his jacket collar pulled up, he would have passed for an authentic member of the Beat Generation. We decided that, in choosing to become a minister, Bill had had to repress a strong tendency to debauchery.

After leaving the pier we went down to the beach and built a real bonfire. While Mr. Byers diligently sought the ocean with his trusty divining stick, we stood around the bonfire and discussed the nutritional merits of seaweed. Mr. Bennett told about a kind of candy that was made from seaweed, and the wrapper was also seaweed, so that when you finished the candy you ate the wrapper too. Sure you do, Mr. Bennett. A handy solution to the "litterbug" problem.

All this talk about seaweed made everyone hungry, so we climbed into the bus again and headed for a nearby cafe that advertised Pizza. (Seaweed only in season.) Inside, we sat around tables and inhaled greasy hamburger smoke while a red-haired waitress took our orders. The bleary-eyed patrons at surrounding tables ogled us curiously, and we, chaste and pure in our Wesleyan tee shirts, ogled back, a bit smugly.

When the red-haired waitress took Dr. Gin's order at the next table, I noticed that she gave him a somewhat disdainful look, but I didn't know why until she brought his order — peach pie topped with gobs of chocolate ice cream. Then I understood. Perfectly. Dr. Gin's story is that he merely asked what kind of pie they had and then ordered plain vanilla ice cream; Mrs. Gin ordered the chocolate. So naturally the waitress brought them both

peach pie with ice cream — Dr. Gin's chocolate. It makes a good story, but it sounds a little fishy to me. Frankly, I suspect that Dr. Gin simply lost his courage at the last minute when he saw our horrified looks. We left there in a jovial mood as Dr. Hinson laughingly tried to run down Mr. Bennett with the Purple Turtle.

The next morning at breakfast everyone was rather silent and sleepy. Mr. Byers provided us with a conversational topic by sprinkling sugar copiously on his grits. He was furtive about it at first, but when he saw that he hadn't gotten away with it, he was downright rebellious.

That afternoon we said a *fond'adieu* to Epworth and boarded the Turtle for the trip home. Impromptu poetry overflowed from some of the pilgrims; others munched Dr. Gin's apples, and Peggy Wellborn slept. Dr. Gossett and Mr. Byers conducted a sleep-on-the-floor marathon, after which it was decided that Dr. Gossett was the most profound and angelic sleeper, whereas Mr. Byers got the prize for endurance.

We found that Bill Powell was not only adept at leading the singing, but that he was also good for getting certain urgent legislation enacted, which pleased everyone greatly.

When we rolled up to the loggia at about 7:00, and began trying to sort out and identify our own gear, we heard piercing screams coming from a station wagon behind the bus. Two little tow heads popped out of the car window, and screamed delightedly, "Daddy, Daddy, Daddy!" Dr. Hinson got a hero's welcome, while the rest of us, bone-tired, but reluctant to see our little band break up, gathered together our pillows and blankets and unopened textbooks, and ambled home.

All in all it was a delightful trip, and, although we didn't quite get around to exploring all the mysteries of the universe, we did learn that "tutti" is not necessarily the prefix of "frutti", but can be an Italian word meaning "all together", and that a Coke costs six cents in Hazlehurst. You just can't escape from learning.



## Harvest Fire

Steaming rain  
 air sticky  
     lowhanging clouds  
 hot wind  
     restless birds and animal noises

Over the hill  
 smoke  
     fire  
 and more clouds

Hearts full by nature  
 empty  
     grief  
 no harvest

Machines of men  
 fighting  
     cursing  
 praying

Nothing  
     all is lost.

Carol Clay

## Grasp for Support

*I confess my emotions are not as I will  
 For my heart rules my mind as I swirl in the breeze.  
 I grasp for support from the solid and strong  
 Into the mist my passions drift,  
 There in the heights o'er the sharp, lofty craigs,  
 Forming mere shadows on the sure, solid ground.*

*What must I do when my soul leaps up  
 And defies reality and the world concrete?  
 'Tis an urge so foreign to my normal existence  
 I find my heart overturned and bewildered.  
 A solution sure is found in the caution of heart  
 And the reverence of skeptical, objective thought.*

K. Rogers



## Deep Forest

*A deep,  
dark,  
damp  
place;*

*A quiet,  
quiet,  
quiet  
space.*

*The soft  
silent,  
secret  
tread  
of animals within.*

*LLL*



## *The Jolly Funeral*

*I'm the type that believes in order  
and keeping all my affairs in line.  
Never with Confusion have I stopped to loiter,  
but plan my life with careful design.  
One night it was brought to my attention  
how sudden death causes such a tizzy.  
Then came an idea — there is no need to mention  
its importance, instead I immediately got busy  
To plan my funeral.*

*After research and close observation, I found  
that funerals too often are gloomy and sad.  
No laughing, no cheers, no bright lights, no  
sound,  
but the moody bourdon, and that's very bad  
since everyone's in such a low state already  
from losing a friend of so many years.  
Black clothes and flowers smelling heady  
only start the flow of more tears.  
Not at my funeral.*

*And now, if you care to hear my plan,  
here is the funeral I'll have when I pass:  
There'll be plenty of refreshments, a cup  
in each hand,  
Laughing and singing, a dance band all brass.  
Old friends will come from far and near  
And perhaps one will be heard to say,  
"This is just like the old fellow; he should  
be here,  
For he would really enjoy this day  
Of his funeral."*

*Nancy Castleberry*

## Song of the Campae

*Yo ho ho and a bottle of shampoo,  
Life on our campae is great,  
Sing the song of the ironing board,  
Make ready for your fate.*

*Wake to the sounds of the tractor,  
Smile as you smash your clock,  
Splash your face with cold water,  
Get your woolens out of hock.*

*Yet dress in a light cotton sleeveless  
For the sun is bright on the trees,  
Turn blue as you walk to the P. O.,  
The temperature reads forty degrees.*

*Cheerfully trip to your class-room  
And stumble to your chair,  
You'd forgotten it was quiz time?  
Good grief, Charlie Brown, don't despair.*

*After a morning of classes  
Your stomach crys "steak would be nice",  
Then have a plu-perfect hemorage,  
It's brocoli with cheese, and rice.*

*At last your day is ended,  
You're anxious for bed and for rest,  
Then as you pull up the covers,  
Tomorrow; that twelve chapter test.*

*So sing the song of the study lamp,  
That pile of books is your fate.  
Whisper Mickey Mouse at your roomie,  
For life on our campae is great.*

Carol Clay



## *Innocence*

*Innocence in beauty  
Blooms with the radiance  
    of the setting suns;  
It assumes the color  
    of flowers growing near  
The peace of a river clear  
    flowing easily  
        through life.  
It gazes from the eyes  
    of a child;  
It blows and sighs  
    in the call of the wind;  
It sways in the trees  
    with the fresh soft breeze.  
It's in all young  
    of animals meek,  
    of animals bold,  
In all people  
    young — not old.  
It glides and whispers  
    through hidden forests —  
    through meadows green;  
It hunts and seeks —  
    but is not seen;  
It dips and curls  
    and covers the world  
In glowing happiness of youth.  
It gives man beauty  
    flowing easily  
    through his mind  
No care of world  
No thought of time —  
Troubles he cannot find.  
But the world goes on  
And youth must grow  
And knowledge comes  
And innocence goes.*

## *The Wanderer - 1958*

*Someone is constantly cutting the grass  
Outside this window. I hear them pass,  
Smell the perfume, and even in class  
My mind goes a'wandering —  
Follows my thoughts —  
Outside.*

*Steel blades go whining around for their prey;  
Green blades fly upward and vanish away.  
Inside this room all is formal, dull-gray,  
But my eyes go a'wandering —  
Follow the leaves —  
Curve up.*

*I walk with the gardener slowly along,  
Follow the mower's mechanical song,  
And never can see that I have done wrong  
By wandering outside,  
Listening to blades,  
Smelling the grass —  
Instead . . .*

*Nancy Castleberry*





## Ode to a Telephone

Hail to thee, oh noble telephone!  
 Long have you resided in your booth alone.  
 Securely you dwell at the foot of the stair,  
 With no one for company but a broken chair.  
 Are you weary and longing for rest,  
 Do you wish to retire from this hall of the blest?  
 Nay, come not to me with your sad song,  
 You don't know me and I have lived here long.  
 Oh, I have heard your nightly aria  
 Blasting forth in our fair corridor,  
 Your melody has haunted my sleepless nights,  
 Yet to some, your little tune brings pure delights.  
 I have answered your summons when duty demanded,  
 And always to others your paw I handed.  
 But I don't mind your slights, not at all,  
 It's really too much trouble to walk down the hall.

Emilie Smith

# MY REVENGE

By MARY MARGARET WOODWARD

Outside, the weather is cold and damp. No sparkling rays shine through the window to remind me of the recently-ended summer vacation. The weather is quite gloomy and dismal; and I, also, am quite gloomy and dismal.

For days I have been haunted by a strange sensation . . . I have tried to escape it . . . I have hurried thither and yon thinking, hoping, praying to escape it, but to no avail. THAT FACE overshadows each change of scene. THOSE HANDS reach out boldly, graspingly, and hold me fast.

I close my eyes, trying to remember the warm summer days at the beach. For a moment I succeed. I can almost feel the waves lapping playfully at my feet. It seems that I am there, hearing the sea gull's cry and watching the small boy gather periwinkles . . . But I know it is all a dream. THAT FACE, more looming and dreadful than before, again overshadows my vision. Frantically, I try to see around it, to recover the beauty of that moment . . . But it is gone forever.

Around the campus, I smile at a friend. I stop to talk, but am dragged onward by the demon. In class, I open my mouth to raise a question or add a point, but the pitiless fiend's hands thrust quickly down my throat. I rush here and there . . . from class to dining room to library . . . thinking that speed will outsmart the culprit. At every turn he awaits me. THAT FACE looms threateningly at every corner . . . on the wall, on the desk, clutching my arm.

Suddenly I am awakened from my reverie. The quick tick of the clock pounds in my ear. I reach across the desk and quickly turn back the hands . . . My revenge.



## Elegy

". . . any man's death diminishes me . . ."

John Donne

*Man on the Street:*

"Really? So she died recently?" (You say unconcerned;  
just making conversation, not lifting your eyes  
from your paper.)

"I hardly noticed her there,  
But, God! The building seems bare  
Without her; all those flowers  
Sort of called back spring showers  
And home holidays with love,  
'Specially the apple grove —  
But thinking along those lines  
Never managed my coal mines;  
That's my business, and my bread.  
It's too late now if she's dead."

Her tribute: "Too late now." A common phrase;  
Hateful too, symbolic of these our times  
When all is stored away for later days  
While we idle sit, listening to the chimes  
That sing the wasted hours meekly by,  
While we grovel and earn, and seldom cry.

*Owner of a Greenhouse:*

"Hey Billy! Cancel one of them orders:  
For the corner woman, Seventh and Main.  
She kicked off, won't need to sell now.  
She weren't one of them seasonal borders.  
Nope, her record ain't got one single stain  
With me. Always sold her stuff; don't know how.  
Ten years I guess it must be  
That She's bought flowers from me.  
Not expensive, gaudy range,  
Just simple ones, nothing strange.  
She used to come in her grey  
Coat in winter and just say,  
'The same thing for this week, please.'  
Violets, roses and sweetpeas  
Her main stock, to suit a mood  
Of busy people, and crude."

Her next tribute: "She won't need to sell now."  
After selling ten years' time, every day;  
Become a part of the grey-white corner  
Building, where those she knew would slightly bow

*And half smile to her if the mood was gay.  
And now from these many, not one mourner.*

*Working Girl:*

*"It seemed incomplete, the day I missed her.  
He missed her too, that part he knew through me —  
The flowers, I mean. Every day I bought  
Some, anything bright, from her flowered blur,  
To take to him,; he likes the smell, though he  
Can't see. He counted most the thought.  
He was embarrassed to ask,  
As if I'd forgot a task.  
It broke the ice, a bouquet  
When there was nothing to say —  
Made us remember before  
And brought us back to love more;  
And when he missed the sweet scent,  
He said what the flowers meant.  
His love had waked up he said  
With her flowers. And now she's dead.  
Her third tribute: "Love had waked up he said."  
And this same thought echoed in many hearts  
At her passing. Sutile enjoiment  
to save the atrophic heart and be led  
By petalled nuances to dearer parts.  
Her last tribute: They live through her employment.*

*What Price?*

*Beneath my window a footstep falls,  
Above my pillow an angel calls;  
Beyond I see great riches scattered,  
But on guard, clothed thin and tattered,  
Stands a beggar with huge, outstretched hand  
Which I must fill to enter that land.  
Not gold nor silver, not food nor drink  
Can fill that hand or make him wink  
And let me pass unnoticed by.  
No, not he, this beggar sly.  
For he would take the best of things  
And leave me the stuff that hollow rings  
when I touch it.*

*Until*

*Night is quiet to my grateful ear,  
And so still the lake to my tired eye  
That I venture out, knowing He is here;  
There is peace and I feel discord die.*



*Until*

*In that true calm which swathes the earth,  
When men rest and their tools likewise,  
And the world is bound by a strange, muting girth  
That hushes every tumult that quiet hearts despise.*

*Until*

*A manner unforgiven, now forgotten,  
Loses being and warm tears of hope  
Wash all hate away, I am peregrine to love.*

*My Season*

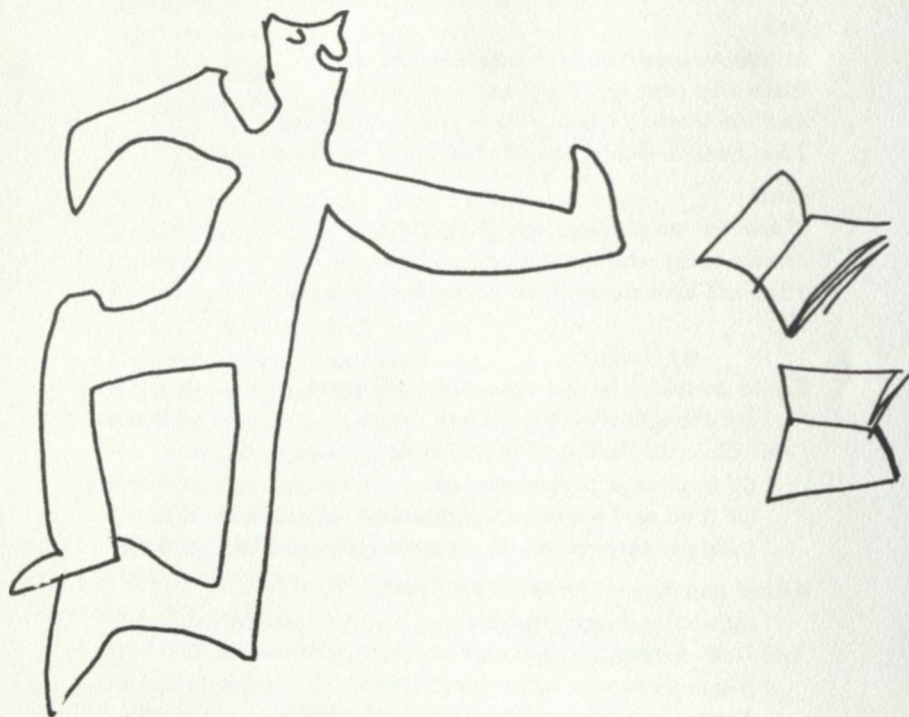
*Winter trembled at the open door of Spring,  
My thoughts were cold and fast,  
I felt the vacillating, fleeting wing  
Of hope and peace outcast,  
Of love and warm communication  
Unkept, thrown full to devastation.*

*Winter penetrated to an infant heart,  
Affection froze, and kin  
And God-lovely ties became stranger part  
Never known or shared with men.  
Nature mirrorwise and backward moved,  
Seedling love in layered ice unloved.  
Truant played the mercy, love, and faith of God,  
Response to all was none;  
Fear to turn, stop, or speak: a deadened clod;  
Nature's deviate alone.  
Insult to every live affection,  
A living death that spread infection.*

*Bittersweet*

*Roses by my bedside, my lover on his pillow:  
God never made such flowers, nor such a charming fellow.  
I wonder why, with gifts like these,  
He made Tomorrow, the moralist's tease?*

R. Wilcox




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## Rhythm and Blues

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Wake up Susie, wake up chile,  
 It's time to flip that radio dial.  
 Dig that homework, crazy man!  
 Aah, it's not much, but wow, that band!  
 Lollypop, Lollypop, bim, bam boom,  
 If you'll be my steady, we'll fly to the moon.  
 A word from our sponsor, "how you fixed for blades?"  
 Guess I'll open the book, gotta keep up the grades.  
 Rah-de-dha, Rah-de-dan, Ain't that a shame?  
 That catty poet, oh, what was his name?  
 Dance with me Henry, (Newman, that is)  
 Get with it kid or we'll fail this quiz.  
 OOh-ee-OOh-a-a, are you miserable, a failure and can't have a ball,  
 Just take a little swig of that Hadacol.  
 Gotta junk this homework, blop chue bot,  
 That rhythm's got me and the music's hot.

Emilie Smith